THE COMMONWEAL

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ON BEHALF OF THE FARMER

THE Jefferson centenary must have drawn the attention of many to several basic alterations in the great Virginian's doctrine which have been imposed by the modern time. Some of these changes have to do with the abstract principles of statecraft, but the most important is concerned with the favorite Jeffersonian profession—agriculture.

How fruitful and abiding was the memory of the doctrine summarized at Monticello may be learned best, perhaps, from the progress of the "Wisconsin idea." This meant, for those who took a sincere and serious interest in it, a workable plan for free and equal coöperation between man and fellow-man, between the citizen and the community government. And because the problems of rural living were constantly prominent in civic discussion, the Wisconsonians (if one may coin this term for them) profited by their contact with Sir Horace Plunkett, the illustrious benefactor of agriculture in Ireland, and grew deeply interested in the possibilities of the rural program which he summed up as "better business, better farming, better living." Their state listened to the slogan and even accomplished a great deal which must be called admirable. But its success has been hampered by peculiarities incident to the task.

These peculiarities need emphasis again, now that the problem of rural relief has become so very acute. In the first place, it is wrong to assume—and for his part Sir Horace has underscored the word "wrong"—that governmental measures and palliatives will pick up and restore to health the agricultural industry, as one would pick up and nurse an injured collie. The American farmer's deep resentment of "commissions" and "departments" is the natural result of experience with theoretical persons who wander across his fields from the outside with patent economic medicines which benefit the purveyor vastly more than they do the patient. How many bureaus and stations have been abandoned and suffered to fall into ruin, only the crows and a few dusty statisticians can tell. In the second place, the farmer himself is the product of an environment which has nurtured the habit of isolation. Even Wisconsin, where the coöperative movement got a fair, if somewhat artificial start, is dotted pretty thickly with neighborhood creameries and cheese-factories which failed to draw trade from competing middlemen. It is a difficult thing to make a basically individualized community social in character.

And yet it must be done, with the aid of whatever forces bring and hold men together. There is an

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element of religion in all really communal living. The random reader will find corroboration of this statement in a passage from Alfred Nock's Jefferson which reads as follows:

"At the outset of his journey, near Sens, France, he was puzzled to see that instead of living in scattered farmhouses, after the Virginia fashion, the people tended to cluster together in villages. 'Are they thus collected by that dogma of their religion which makes them believe that to keep the Creator in good humor with His own works, they must mumble a Mass every day?' He seems not to have inquired into the matter, but to have referred it arbitrarily to his general principle that the farther one keeps from one's neighbors, the better. 'Certain it is that they are less happy and virtuous in villages than they would be insulated with their families on the grounds they cultivate.' "

The Jefferson who wrote this fragment of romantic agricultural doctrine was passionately absorbed in the business and science of farming; he helped to advance both by inventions and carefully kept statistics; and he would surely be amazed at our modern conviction that this business and science cannot survive a continued "insulation." Remarkably enough, movements like the Grange display an odd tendency to develop something like a spiritual atmosphere, and the work of Catholic leaders like the Reverend Eugene O'Hara has been most successful when it has been most outspokenly religious. The charities of Christian Europe paled under the onslaught of theories; they are being imposed once again by disastrous experience. If only so living and binding a tie as daily Mass could be established anew!

In many ways, humanity's profound love for the soil is also still a powerful bond. "Amongst city workers," says a British workingman who contributes a letter to the current issue of Blackfriars, "there are many who suffer acutely from the pangs of land-hunger, men and women who have the love of earth in their blood, whose ancestors—in many cases, not more than two or three generations back—were farmers, and whose keenest desire is to get back to the soil and toil to which they feel themselves called almost as powerfully as a priest to his vocation."

But this man and his ilk are not brought to little farms sweet with corn and honeysuckle bloom; and doubtless if some kind hand placed them there, disappointment would ensue. The evils of bloated land speculation; the great difficulty in "getting anywhere" in an industry victimized by its own productivity; the unsatisfactory character of the available educational facilities; the absence of adequate social companionship—all these things chill and finally appal, not only the vagrant worker who dreams of rural peace and security, but also the hardened husbandman. Yet the instinctive human affection for the earth and growing things is a force which will remain effective.

Because it weighs these human aspects of agricultural living as well as the bald economic and business facts which regulate the financial yield of acreage, the principles sponsored by the Horace Plunkett Foundation are gradually receiving merited recognition everywhere. Long ago, President Roosevelt had studied them and come to the conclusion: "I have been interested for many years in farm life, but my interest did not reach the point of action until I began to follow what was being accomplished through the farmers' coöperative movement in Ireland."

It is not our purpose here to outline these principles, but the following central statement is so good that it ought to be read everywhere and kept in mind:

"We stand for—and base our whole scheme of work upon—a rural philosophy which has long been preached and practised in Ireland. Its distinctive feature is to be found in its approach to the problem. It demands that agriculture shall be regarded and treated from three points of view—technical, economic, and social. As an industry, agriculture must be leveled up to the efficiency of urban industries by the application of modern science. The machinery to effect this is chiefly the concern of the state. As a business, agriculture must also be made efficient and economic. The machinery required for this purpose can only be organized by voluntary effort among the farmers, and this is to be achieved by the substitution of combined for isolated action, whenever and wherever combination pays. This obvious reform is the crux of the rural problem. Lastly, rural life must be socially and intellectually improved, so that it will resist the 'lure of the city' which now too often draws away all but the unenterprising and dull."

It is clear from this serried statement that the Foundation does not expect that a magisterial legislator will appear suddenly with a formula destined to flood the country with happy farmers. The purpose rather is the eminently sane one of assembling those in the industry in a manner caclculated to improve steadily in the manifold returns of labor. We should like to associate with it some very fine work done in the Central-European countries for the "social and intellectual improvement" of the farmer and his family. It seems best, however, to conclude with this effective declaration by the Irish poet, George Russell:

"If the stream of national life is to be colored, it should be colored as near to the Fountain of Youth as possible. . . . Whether the graduates of the universities decide to throw their lot in with the co-operators, or to oppose them, it becomes every year more necessary for them to understand a movement pushing itself up so gigantically among other movements. If they decide affirmatively they will be beginning to learn how to play the great game of life in the grand manner, for they will be taking part in the building up of a civilization, which is the noblest and most practical of human enterprises."

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MICHAEL WILLIAMS, Editor

Assistant Editors

THOMAS WALSH — HELEN WALKER
HENRY LONGAN STUART — GEORGE N. SHUSTER

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Editorial Council

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BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE

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WEEK BY WEEK

THE French government seems to totter about on the franc in much the same perilous fashion as the young lady who once ventured to dance on a dime. While cabinet follows cabinet, the basic ineffectiveness of parliamentary rule under the Third Republic is consistently demonstrated. In fact, the recent defeat of Briand by Herriot is nearly the last necessary proof of how a succession of political errors has brought France into almost precisely the same situation as that faced by the old régime before the Revolution. Now, as then, the government is stifled by disagreements which prevent action, and the fruit of a long series of blunders must be harvested. When Herriot succeeded Poincaré, public opinion generally welcomed the change because it believed that intransigeant nationalism was giving way to conciliation, and that the end of force was at hand. In all truth, however, the change was a bad mistake from the French point of view. The Cartel was smoothly manoeuvered out of all advantages of position, so that France today is without even such fruits of victory as advantageous alliances; the rift in parliamentarism was begun, owing chiefly to the introduction of the capital-labor antithesis at the very moment when this was being forced into the background by all other European nations; and Herriot induced not only the strong movement toward reaction which has now enlisted almost all the intellectual bourgeoisie, but also the demand for autonomy which is at present alarmingly powerful in Alsace. In short, the initial rise of the Cartel to power was critical, and may prove a turning point in the main directions of the French political story.

THERE can be no doubt of the fundamental ability of the French people to solve their financial problems. The proposals of Caillaux were of indubitable value in theory, but the rise of antagonism to the man himself was inevitable. Not even his own political associates could repose a firm trust in him; and those of his countrymen who understand the drift of the last twenty-five years would probably prefer to face disaster courageously than to pin their hope to a man who on several occasions has been the "evil genius" of France. But it is worth observing that when Herriot aided in the dispersion of the Caillaux myth, he put an end to all hopes that adequate financial direction could be designated to any one person by parliament. His alternative is collective direction by the Chambre—the same dreary, hopeless mêlée of contradictory voices which has lived on since the fall of Poincaré. In opposition to that, something definite and reliable in the way of a national program must appear. What it will be, what effect it will have upon the general politics of Europe, remains to be seen.

MEANWHILE Americans cannot remain indifferent to the conviction spreading among Europeans that financial interests identified, for the most part, with Wall Street, are aiming at the domination of the world. The "dollar offensive" is described, not only in the conversation of dreamy persons who like to invent calamitous bogies, but also in the press of many cities. An editorial article in the Paris La Croix concludes as follows: "The American plan appears clearer and clearer. They do not seek new territories; America is big enough. What they are after is the control of Europe through the invasion of the dollar in the principal European enterprises. It is by intervening in the meetings of boards of directors and by stock exchange manipulations that they would rule the old world. It is up to Europe to watch the financial horizon. And until the United States of Europe are formed and are able to defend themselves against the United States of America, the nations that do not care to become absorbed should get into the closest mutual relations, face the situation, and provide for it." Now the ordinary hard-working American—often enough he or she must wrestle vigorously with a rebellious budget—may stare angrily and uncomprehendingly at these words. But they are frank and too widely credited. As a nation we need more honest language about the situation than one can get, for instance, from the recent vague pronouncement by Mr. Mellon.

ALTHOUGH Mr. William F. Montavon's Facts Concerning the Mexican Problem does not add anything new to the data already collected with reference to the situation in Mexico, one welcomes its appearance under the auspices of the National Catholic Wel-

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fare Conference. Its pithy and steady narration of the happenings during one month ought to make the most near-sighted persons see that the Calles government has really undertaken an organized campaign against religion. This sequence of daily brutal violations of elementary civic liberty has nothing in common with "oil" or "historical antecedents." It is just plain persecution. And though Mr. Montavon is moderate in his conclusion and avers that "neither the American people nor the American government has any desire to intervene by force in the affairs of the Mexican nation," his position is not without a commendable firmness. Ruskin once said that anyone who took an interest in man could not be indifferent to the fate of human institutions, however little practical aid he could render them. The junta régime is deadly to some of these institutions—to orderly and considerate government, to the legitimate expression of opinion, to organized Christianity—"If the principles of liberty and true liberalism can be denied with impunity in Mexico, they may so be denied in other republics of Central and South America; they may be questioned in our own country, and . . . may undermine our own understanding and enjoyment of true liberty."

THE words of Mayor William E. Dever of Chicago to the American Bar Association, declaring that the liquor question remains unsettled and that "an unprejudiced, scientific investigation of the facts should be undertaken at the direction of the Congress of the United States," need to be correlated with the Mayor's own experience as a municipal executive. Few men in office bring to their daily tasks such a rigorous reverence for law as he has done—a reverence acquired during years of recognized integrity on the bench and other years of sterling life as a private citizen. Chicagoans know, some of them to their discomfiture, how resolutely the Mayor took the stand that since the Volstead Act was law it had to be enforced. But the effect has been to rank a very large number of the citizenry with criminals, and to make the business of policing about as easy as the reforming activities of an enemy of chop-sticks would be in China. Whether there is any merit in the idea of congressional investigation needs careful consideration. The report it would submit might be a powerful argument in support of those who believe that settlement of the alcohol problem must be left to more tactful and intelligent citizens than Pussyfoot Johnson. But either before this investigation is conducted or afterward, a still more important thing must be done—the awakening of either of the great political parties to the necessity for taking a clear stand upon prohibition that will register the will of the people.

THE case of the President of Haiti, saluted a full fifteen minutes too late by the official guns of Governors Island, promises to become a mystery equally as baffling as that of Edwin Drood. A hastily convened court-martial concluded that the officer in command was not necessarily a master of the fourth dimension and could not, therefore, be expected to follow his subjects about with a more than eagle eye. This decision seems quite pertinent and respectable. The layman might suppose that a function so delicately adjusted to diplomatic good feeling as the welcome of a foreign official ought not to be submerged under the general routine of duty; but the layman has relatively no conception of the really august character of routine. Military life succeeds because its virtues are as dependable and regularly progressive as the actions of a clock. And so a deposition at the court-martial to the effect that the guard-house timepiece, looked to by the Island for enlightenment, is notoriously erratic owing to the sinful desires of culprits for longer hours of slumber, is replete with symbolic information. We are reminded of an English officer who, having lost a document of value, reported that the responsibility lay between "the colonel and an orderly"—the sly emphasis being not wholly uncalculated. But for all that, clocks and the military spirit are among the necessary and most dependable things in the world; and sadly enough we pay little attention to the beautiful efficiency of both, but rise to wrath at the momentary lapses of either.

SOMEHOW or other, the literary rumor has got about in literary circles that one of our most respectable publishing firms is incubating an encyclopaedic book upon the Negro in Haiti. Plans and specifications, not to say the name of the author, are undecided to date, though, naturally, those suggested belong to the category which Mr. Ernest Boyd, euphemistically, classes as "unsentimental." But one sine qua non of the scheme throws its own light upon the nature and scope of the projected work. Its atmosphere is to be "evil," and complete naturalism is to be secured through a residence of weeks or months by the chosen author among the obscurer quarters of the island. The purlieus of the Harlem dance-halls having yielded their scanty, though appetizing harvest, the activities of some one among our emancipated writers are to be transferred to the opulent field of the Caribbees, before the work of sanitation belatedly undertaken by our government has gone too far.

ANY student aware of the sources of Haitian history, from Moreau de St. Méry to de Vaissière or Eugène Aubin, will be aware what rich pickings for a certain type of imagination lurk in the delinquencies of the black republicans of Santo Domingo. The purpose of these brief remarks is not to point them out. What does seem to call for passing comment is the very marked divergence between books written of, and

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books written by, the American Negro, when education and social ambition have made him articulate. Of the first, the kindest thing to say is that they are artificially constructed and dubiously conceived. Written by men whose sophistication is apparent in every phrase, what they register most vividly is a sick concern with primitive passions and uninhibited appetites closely approximating envy. Of the second class, what is to be noted is an eagerness, that sometimes approaches pathos, to share in the fullest measure the sobriety and culture of Caucasian civilization. Such a magazine as Opportunity, for instance, which has just concluded a prize poetry competition among colored poets, is a positive revelation, both as regards volume and quality, of the work which is being done by men and women of African blood. It is a contrast not at all creditable to the white American author—this eagerness of the colored citizen, two generations up from slavery, to prove his worthiness, and the avidity of our own literary panders to exploit for their spurious and obvious purposes, the rubbish heap of impulse and blind instinct he has discarded in his ascent.

MANY unpleasant things have been written and said about the immigration authority of the port of New York. It is a pleasure to note that the unforeseen experience suffered by a party of women school teachers from England, en route to Canada, who were detained for medical inspection at Ellis Island, proves to be not its fault at all but to have been due to an oversight by the Ottawa government. The new ruling which permits "tourist thirds" who have passed examination before sailing, to land "like cabin passengers," removes an unpleasant possibility from the new movement for economic travel which is so surprising a development in trans-Atlantic tourist traffic since the war. There was a time when travel to Canada via the United States, especially in winter, was taken as a matter of course and when no regulations hampered it. A few old people still live in Boston who can remember when hotels would be filled by officials, civil and military, en route for their posts in the Dominion. The nervousness of the authorities, based on a fear that every traveler westward, not authenticated by money, is a surreptitious and potential immigrant, will probably act as a deterrent on any volume of "cheap" tourist traffic westward for years to come. But one may hope that it is only a question of time and the general humanizing of the business of getting about before the possibilities of America as a land to visit and as a vacation country for the jaded European who has not an unlimited budget to expend, will receive the attention they deserve.

THE death of Abbé Portal, following so closely upon the death of the great Cardinal-Archbishop of Malines, will be bound to have its repercussion on the cause of corporate reunion between the Catholic Church and its separated brethren in England. It is made all the more impressive by taking place on the eve of the projected resumption of the famous conversations, and the opinion, very widely expressed by both Anglicans and Catholics, that it marks the end, or, at any rate the indefinite postponement of the meetings, is probably well-founded. Whether the collapse of the movement, or, rather, of the phase it assumed at Malines, is to be regretted, or welcomed as ending an embarrassing position, depends, not so much upon the view taken by Catholics of Anglican claims to continuity, which is quite remarkably unanimous, as upon the value that the individual temperament cares to attach to all "get-togethers" of men representing opposing thoughts and convictions.

WITHIN the past few years, at Geneva and elsewhere, we have become accustomed to seeing irreconcilable views, with which religion and dogma have nothing to do, carried into conference, and the feeling that their frank airing, while it may not effect conversion, nevertheless results in the creation of a helpful atmosphere, seems somehow part of contemporary thought. Where the conversations at Malines were concerned, the character and loyalty of Cardinal Mercier were sufficient warrant to the mass of Catholics that no possible misunderstanding of the Church's position in the matter would be permitted. It is only justice to add that the character of Abbé Portal, less familiar though it was to the general Catholic world, was just as good a guarantee. No doubt the French priest's ardent wish for reunion, the strong conviction he must have received from his lifelong friendship with Lord Halifax that complete sincerity and desire for the kingdom of God were quite compatible with error occasionally gave a tone to his persuasive pen which was unpalatable to many Catholics. There was ground for the feeling that he seemed to hold out the possibility of a compromise where none knew better than he that ground for compromise did not exist. Nevertheless, as The Commonweal had occasion to remark several weeks ago, at the time of the Malines gathering and Lord Halifax's pathetic speech thereat, the best proof that the movement for reunion does not hold the danger some seem to perceive is to be found in the large number of Anglican priests who have found heart to make the final gesture of submission since its inception. The attainment of an ambient of mutual respect and mutual belief in sincerity is a very positive good. None in recent years, after the great Cardinal himself, has had so large a share in bringing it about as the holy Abbé Portal.

MORE than one hundred and thirty years have passed since Abbé Sieyès, of pamphleteering memory, stood up in the French Convention to propose that

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the whole of France be divided into thirty-nine square departments, identical in shape and size and ignoring all natural boundaries whatsoever. But that the type of "paper mind" which the revolutionary leader represented is by no means dead is proven by a new suggestion offered, according to press report, by Professor W. S. Echelberger, director of the Almanac of the Naval Observatory at Washington, that the present division of the calendar into months of uneven length shall be abolished, and the place of the present yearly dozen be taken by thirteen nice even months of four weeks apiece, with a day thrown in for luck at the end of the year. To further simplify the ingenious scheme, every fourth year, "except years beginning a century," is to be burdened with an extra day in June.

IT is not quite clear, on the face of things, what exact advantage, other than that of replacing present confusions with quite new ones, the Professor's scheme, backed though it be by a powerful international committee in Holland, Greece, and France, is going to present to the world. All divisions of time are necessarily arbitrary, and the division of the week itself into seven, a prime number not divisible into any number that is not a multiple of seven, has not a leg that Professor Echelberger would consider logical to stand upon. But, like everything to which mankind has grown accustomed, current chronology has the supreme advantage that mankind has adjusted itself to it. To abolish it by legislative enactment—to create a synthetic present upon which the past could not be superimposed without the aid of a slide-rule—may commend itself to the mathematical and professorial mind. But it is pretty safe to prophesy that an irrational species which shows itself cold to Esperanto and Volapük, and upon whose bad old habits even the advantages of the decimal system of weights and measurements has not yet made a very perceptible dent, is not going to welcome the tridecasyllabic year without a struggle to maintain the occasional pleasant surprise of five pay-days in a month.

THE LEAGUE UNDER SCRUTINY

RECENT happenings have not been of the kind to promote the very desirable efficacy of the League of Nations. Financial chaos has forced many European powers to concentrate their attention upon domestic problems and so to borrow from nationalism its tenet of near-dictatorship, which is always accompanied by a visible narrowing of the political horizons. The retreat of Brazil, the dissatisfaction of Germany, and the failure of Japan to manage through Geneva a settlement of its controversies with the United States, are also calculated to rob League historians of their optimism. Our own country has added to the disorder through its peculiar attitude toward the World Court—an attitude described by a continental statesman as being quite like that of a citizen who should agree to uphold a tribunal of justice provided he were assured it would never deliver a verdict against him. Finally, the disillusionment with which our delegates have returned from the Arms Conference is shared quite generally by the friends of peace, and may safely be described as having been caused by the uncertainty with which Europe still looks upon the Versailles agreement, the Russian revolution, and the various colonial mandates.

But when everything has been said, there is less reason to be pessimistic than there is to be studious. The German approach to Geneva, for instance, enlisted the attention of a nation which had stood apart from the legislation that established the League and which, therefore, views the matter with the clear eye of a detached spectator. It naturally asks questions like these: What can be expected of the League in the domain of international law? What is its real diplomatic function? Is it a natural or an artificial union? And with a penetrative insight which, as far as we know, has seldom been equaled, these queries are weighed in a recent study by a brilliant German student of political science, Dr. Carl Schmitt. His purpose is to determine simply what the League actually is, and what it can normally accomplish. The reply brings to light the fundamental duality of international organization as it exists at present—one function being that of legalized compromise, the other of law establishment. If the former is given the chief rôle, a great deal will depend upon the homogeneity of those who strive to effect the compromise; and this homogeneity is threatened, of course, by a multitude of differences remarkably diverse in character. The second ought, therefore, to be equally as prominent as the first, and can only be exercised through the World Court. But whether it can exist apart from its complement as fixed by the League Covenant is a question not to be answered at once in the affirmative.

Dr. Schmitt's analysis goes on to weigh other international problems, such as the nature of the guarantee which upholds League decisions, and the character of world juridical action. It is worth noting—no matter how theoretical it may seem to many—precisely because our own approach to the League has been opportunistic rather than reflective. American statesmen seem to be notably unwilling to accept the organization which developed out of American principles as an institution; they are, however, afraid to dispense with it as a weapon. Our entry into the World Court, for instance, was characterized chiefly by a frightened enumeration of the things the mythical tribunal might do to us. And in all sober truth, we might have found it less dangerous to adhere to the League assembly, which in itself has no more than "clearing-house" power. In short, international action is too important and complex to be entered upon without accurate knowledge of the established machinery.

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CHURCH AND STATE IN AUSTRIA

By MONSIGNOR SEIPEL

(The following article by one of the most prominent of contemporary statesmen deals with an aspect of European political life which is as important as it is frequently overlooked. In agreeing to write it, Monsignor Seipel wished also to thank American citizens who have helped so generously in the restoration of his country and whose continued interest will be of incalculable benefit.—The Editors.)

TO HAVE been permitted to take part in the Eucharistic Congress has been for us who came from afar an experience of unforgettable significance. We have discovered that America is by no means only a land of material progress and commerce, but that it also makes room for a healthy mysticism which, especially as it is derived from the central reality of the Eucharist, governs the Catholic throng. Naturally we made use of our opportunities before and after the Congress to see as much as possible of the United States and its Catholic citizens. All this is now a matter of past history. After having seen many places of great interest—New York, Chicago, Springfield, Omaha, St. Paul, and the abbey of St. John, at Collegeville, Minnesota—I am now on my way home, remembering that it was always a pleasure to express to those with whom I came in contact my gratitude for the kindly hospitality which they extended and my admiration for the remarkable accomplishments which they were able to reveal. And now finally I should like to reach, through The Commonweal, those friends whom it was physically impossible to meet.

Everywhere I found a deep interest in the fortune of my country, Austria. This and other reasons now make it seem appropriate that I should write a few words concerning this country, with especial reference to the religious situation. If we begin by allowing statistics to have their say, it becomes apparent that the overwhelming majority of Austrian citizens profess the Catholic faith. For centuries the number of Protestant parishes has been small. Only the youngest member of our federated state, Burgenland, which used to belong to Hungary, is an exception, one-third of the population being Protestants. The geographical situation of Austria as the buffer country between the Occident and the Orient, is responsible for the fact that a considerable number of Jews took up their abode among us during the course of their wanderings. For the most part they live in Vienna and enjoy as much liberty as they could desire. There is no conflict between Catholics and Protestants. Although a lively movement of secession from the Church was promoted during the 'nineties by the extreme Pan-Germanists, it was based on purely political motives and resulted only in temporary sectarian gains.

Since that time almost all attacks upon Catholicism originate with the Social-Democrats, who are more radical in Austria than, perhaps, anywhere else in the world—radical not so much in their attitude toward property or social doctrine as in their conception of what Germans term Weltanschauung. In so far as industry is concerned the Social-Democrats are frankly opposed to communism and Bolshevism, but they are strongly influenced by the materialistic conception of history sponsored by Karl Marx and his earlier associates, and are most closely affiliated with all free-thinking and anticlerical activities.

It may strike the reader that I am here constantly speaking of political parties. And indeed in other countries than Austria people will hardly understand this close connection between politics and religion. It is explained, however, by the nature and individualities of political organization in Austria, and by the peculiar situation occupied there by the Catholic Church. For us a "party" is something quite different from what it is in Anglo-Saxon countries. Formerly, when the Austrian empire spoke ten languages, its parliamentary groups were largely identical with separate national factions. Today when, apart from some 60,000 Slovaks, 40,000 Croats, and a few Maygars in Burgenland, the racial formation of the country is entirely German, these motives for organization have disappeared. The Austrian parliament is made up of representatives of four parties. All told there are 165 members, eighty-two of whom are elected by the Christian-Social party, sixty-eight by the Social-Democratic party, and five by the Landbund, which is an agrarian organization that separated from the Pan-German party. The Christian-Social party is committed to the defense of the interests of the Catholic Church; all the others are, in varying degrees, "free-thinking"—that is, either hostile to the Church (as are the Social-Democrats) or at least impelled (as are the other parties) by a certain fear of a possible Catholic usurpation of power.

Now it so happens that Catholic action in Austria is favored by a legal situation approached in hardly any other country. When the youthful republic drew up a constitution in 1920, those articles which normally govern the relation between Church and state, Church and education, and so forth, were omitted. Consequently the ancient Austrian code, as established under the monarchy, remained in force; and so there is no separation between Church and state in Austria. The honoraria of bishops and priests are paid by the government, in so far as they are not supplied by the income from various property foundations. The theological faculties at the universities are, while subject to eccle-

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siastical supervision and furnished with the necessary mandates from the Apostolic See, state foundations which are supported from the national treasury. Professors at ecclesiastical seminaries established in dioceses where there are no universities, are also supported by the state.

Religious instruction is prescribed by the government for all lower and secondary educational institutions as a matter of duty. It should be added, however, that the public schools are inter-confessional—a circumstance which gives rise to a great deal of argument. Catholic primary schools may be erected without legal difficulty, but the state does not contribute to their upkeep. The Austrian marriage laws are more like the canonical rule than are those in other countries, and remain particularly strict with reference to divorce. They also prescribe that the matrimonial contract must be agreed to in the presence of an ecclesiastic, civil marriage being adequate only in cases where the rightful pastor declines to perform the ceremony. In several other respects, notably as regards marital crime, the law of the land also takes cognizance of Catholic moral principle.

This situation explains the nature of the difficulties encountered by the Church in Austria, in so far as these are political in character. The Catholic position there is too valuable and too firmly entrenched to be surrendered for the sake of a sentimental desire to escape opposition. Naturally, circumstances are not all favorable, especially since a Social-Democratic majority has control of the Viennese metropolis and wages a modern Kulturkampf with all the means at its disposal. The Catholic citizens of Vienna are obliged to carry on a continuous battle of defense, because of their legitimate fear that the position of the Church may be undermined, not only in the administration of government, as is already now the case, but also in the domain of constitutional law. On the other hand, those without religious convictions feel that the influence of the Church is still far too great; and their goal is secularization of the fundamental Austrian code, after the fashion of those countries in which complete separation of Church and state has already been carried through.

The fact that problems of a religious nature now once again absorb the attention of the Austrian people is not without its good effects. For a while the danger was very great that material need would concentrate all the thought and energy of our people upon material ends. This did not come to pass. The conquest of ideal good and the legitimate defense of the rights of the Church continue to interest our people more than do the cares and trials incident to poverty. These did not prevent the conservative Christian-Social and the liberal German-National parties from forming a sufficiently strong majority in the hour when the existence of the nation was really at stake. And this union in turn served the Catholic Church in so far as it halted the movement to abrogate its temporal status in the republic of Austria.

MOTHER ALPHONSA LATHROP

By JAMES J. WALSH

(The following article by Dr. Walsh emphasizes the service to medicine and the poor rendered by one of the great women of our time. The Commonweal hopes to supplement this discussion later with a more detailed and personal narrative of Mother Alphonsa's life.—The Editors.)

THE newspapers of Saturday morning, July 10, brought the announcement that Mother Alphonsa Hawthorne Lathrop had quietly passed to her reward early on Friday morning. She who had seen death come so inexorably and so pitilessly during the past thirty years to many hundreds of her cancer patients, had scarcely known of its approach to herself. She had been feeling very well, declaring only a day or two before, that she had never been better—intensely happy as she was in the thought that in spite of her seventy-five years she was still able to occupy herself with the care of her beloved cancer patients. Her presence among them at Hawthorne until the very last day of her life had proved a benediction and a consolation.

With Mother Alphonsa's death there passed from us one of the great souls of this generation. Not many knew of her magnificent work, for, like all supremely good work, it was carried on with a characteristic quietness. It attracted very little attention because it was concerned with the disturbing problem of cancer. The public does not like to hear much about cancer. Yet at the beginning of the present year, the United States Public Health Reports announced that the increase of the disease and its fatality were absolute, and not merely relative to the greater number of people, nor even to the fact that our progress in sanitation has enabled ever so many more people to live on to the cancer age. We know that many people die of cancer, but the effect upon the public is very like that French view of mankind's attitude toward death: "People die"—a shrug of the shoulders—"Oh, yes; other people." Most of us prefer to put the consideration of cancer aside and not to read much about it, and anything concerning it is likely to be shunted aside and relegated to the background. We are more than a little ostrich-like in our attitude toward some of the serious diseases of mankind.

It is not surprising that, under the circumstances,

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Mother Alphonsa had to struggle (sometimes almost hopelessly) in order to continue her work of caring for the poor, suffering from incurable cancer. It took many years to attract the practical attention necessary to ensure permanency to her work. Recently, though the struggle to secure its proper development had to be kept up assiduously, recognition came. Many people began to feel that they wanted to help Mother Alphonsa in the wonderful task she was accomplishing. Something of her own suppression of self in connection with her work may be gathered from the fact that when, a few months ago, a committee from the New York Rotary Club went to Hawthorne to present her with a medal for outstanding work in charity, she allowed herself for the first time to be photographed in her habit as a nun. Considering her position as the daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne, and the place she deservedly came to occupy in the affections of many, this is a record in our publicity-seeking age. Only the assurance that this notoriety might enable her to be of greater help to sufferers from cancer induced her to yield to the solicitations of the photographer.

Mother Alphonsa's life work began nearly thirty years ago when her soul, looking upon suffering humanity from the eyes of the "Rose of all the Hawthornes," found one class among the poor in New York more in need of help than any other. They were those suffering from incurable cancer. Frequently operated upon in the hospitals, sometimes more than once, they could not be kept there because hospitals are for those who can be benefited by medical or surgical treatment, and not refuges for those for whom nothing further can be done. Such patients must either be cared for in their tenement homes, or find their way to the hospital for the dependent poor. In their homes, frequently alone during the day when members of their family are out at work, their care becomes an added burden in already difficult circumstances. Many of them have the deepest reluctance toward ending life among the dependent poor. There has been a prejudice, inherited from preceding generations when it was too well deserved, against such institutions.

Mrs. Lathrop, later to become Mother Alphonsa, recognized in such cases a set of patients eminently deserving of sympathy, and yet so situated that it was extremely difficult to care for them in such a way as to make life reasonably bearable. She took up the solution of the problem very seriously but very simply. Renting an apartment on the lower East-side of New York City, she proceeded to care for as many patients as could be accommodated. She had not been long at the work before a young woman from Kentucky (Mother Rose, as she came to be in religion, and who has been her colleague ever since) asked to be allowed to help her. At first they cared for half a dozen patients, leaving very little room in the apartment for themselves. Then they took another apartment and increased the number to a dozen; finally renting a house and filling almost every available space with the sick. Upon the death of her husband, Mrs. Lathrop realized that the surest way to secure permanence to the work, would be the foundation of a religious order. In accordance with this idea she obtained an affiliation with the Third Order of Saint Dominic, and inaugurated the Sister Servants for the Relief of Incurable Cancer.

Gradually friends gathered round her, and she was able to build the hospital of Saint Rose's Free Home for Incurable Cancer at 71 Jackson Street. This institution was capable of accommodating one hundred patients. By this time other young women had joined her little community, vowing a life service to the care of the cancerous poor. The city home was beautifully situated opposite a park in view of the East River, but as some of the cancer patients lived for several years after their admission, there was need of a place in the country. This was purchased in Westchester County, and called Hawthorne.

There were just two requirements for admission to these homes. The first was that the applicant should be a sufferer from cancer declared by physicians to be incurable. The second was that the applicant should be poor. Patients who could pay were not taken, for these could find other institutions to care for them, and Mother Alphonsa preferred to reserve her homes entirely for those without means. In them no distinction of race or creed was made.

It might be expected that places sheltering only patients suffering from incurable cancer would be rather gloomy. But those who visited Mother Alphonsa's homes were not likely to think so. The inmates were usually cheerful, at times even happy, and sympathetic toward one another. There laughter was heard as often as in any hospital, and oftener than in factories or workshops. For this condition the sisters, and above all, Mother Alphonsa, with her happy yet serious disposition, were very largely responsible.

Every cancer patient knows from experience that from the time of the first serious symptom of the disease which so often means a fatal termination, more than one friend, in perfectly good health at that time, will meet death first. Mother Alphonsa's cancer patients learned to face the inevitable without great unhappiness, and pain being relieved and diversion of mind afforded, they enjoyed intervals of peace.

Mother Alphonsa's death leaves a well-organized little community of Servants of Relief. There are over thirty women who have vowed themselves to this work and who will carry it on. There is ample need for it. Cancer, as we have said, is increasing—not decreasing. Nearly a hundred thousand people died of cancer in the United States last year; and while the disease makes no distinction between rich and poor, there are so many more of the latter that there

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are numbers in all our large cities in need of such help as is afforded by Mother Alphonsa's homes. It was her dream that the future would see other homes for these patients established in many places. They are sadly needed.

Every now and then an announcement is made that the cause of cancer has been discovered, and hopes arise that some treatment for it will be found. Inevitably, disappointment has followed these announcements. The London Bureau of Cancer Research announced the other day that practically nothing was being done throughout the world seeming to justify the hope that the cause of cancer would be discovered. An English statement made last year seemed very hopeful for a time, but has proved unfounded. The cause, and with it the successful treatment of cancer, of course, may be found at any time, yet in spite of the most painstaking research during the past twenty-five years which at times seemed promising, we are no nearer the heart of the problem than we were at the beginning of the century. The impression is growing that cancer represents one of the terminal stages of existence, an insurrection in the body-cells against the vital control which has kept them in coördination. It is possible that this insurrection may be the result of some specific irritation, but there is nothing to indicate that we shall be able to check it for another generation at least.

In the meantime, Mother Alphonsa's work, organized so well during her life, remains. There seems every reason to believe that she initiated one of those enduringly beneficent foundations which for generations will continue to diffuse good—for, as Aristotle said, "good is ever diffusive of itself." Her memory will indeed be held in benediction, not alone for generations but for centuries, since her heart beat high for humanity and devoted itself to making life bearable for those who were neglected and in great distress.

City Night

Warm nights wake pity for imprisoned women
Who may not lie
On moss to watch the first bright star grow dim in
A crowding sky;

For office hostages, desk-bound and stooping
Beneath dead dreams,
Who may not send a silver trout-line swooping
O'er rowdy streams;

A pity for the child who may not follow
Or understand
The elfin flight of firefly and swallow
Towards fairy-land;

And, for myself, a surging, stinging pity
That living yields
Only a sudden hatred of the city,
A need of fields!

JOHN HANLON.

THE CHINESE PRINCESS

By MARIE GALLAGHER

NATHANIEL MOLESKIN had seen a Chinese princess, and he had fallen in love with her. Nathaniel thought he loved her because she was the first princess he had ever seen, and because her terra-cotta eyes were gentle in her proud face. But the Chinese princess did not bother to think anything at all about Nathaniel Moleskin. She stood on a tiny mahogany pedestal, and once in a long while vouchsafed a comment on life to the goldfish that swam in a green bowl beside her.

Every day Nathaniel walked up to her and stood before her, and looked at her—and at last one day she spoke to him.

"Remove that creature, Honorable Lord," said her frail, haughty voice through the shop-window, and Nathaniel hastened to obey. But when he looked around there was no one there but himself.

"The scorn in her voice has withered the poor creature away," he whispered to himself, and he looked at the Chinese princess in awe.

"Honorable Lord does well to deprive presumptuous young man of intelligence," she remarked to the goldfish.

"I suppose one shouldn't be able to understand a princess always," thought Nathaniel humbly; and he walked away making a mystery of her words.

Every day he grew more and more fond of her, and every day he became a little more exacting.

"I don't think you should be carrying a scarf," he ventured to say one day. "You should have given it to one of your ladies-in-waiting."

And another day he said: "A princess, I think, should hold her head higher." But the Chinese princess neither raised her head nor dropped her scarf.

"I'm sure I know how a princess should act," said Nathaniel, and his cheeks were very red.

One day he became bolder than ever before, and he stood with his head tilted critically to one side.

"It's a pity you hold yourself so stiffly," he remarked. "I once saw a Chinese girl dancing . . . " He paused as if dreaming of some incomparably lovely thing.

"Oh!" said the Chinese princess, stepping down from her pedestal. "I can dance most beautifully." And she lifted one foot and looked at it with an air of astonishment, and then she set it down, and raising her elbows, curved her palms upward and looked inquiringly at the ceiling.

All of her movements were so slow and queer, and seemed to cause her such surprise, that Nathaniel burst into laughter. But the Chinese princess did not deign to take any notice of either him or his laughter, and only continued her solemn dancing.

"You don't think anyone can be as fine as yourself, do you?" asked Nathaniel, mockingly.

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"There is no one so fine as I am," she replied with dignity.

"Well," said Nathaniel Moleskin, "I am quite a fine person myself." And he walked deliberately into the shop and inquired the price of the Chinese princess.

"Two hundred and fifty dollars," said the shopkeeper.

"Two hundred and fifty dollars?" echoed Nathaniel, aghast; and the Chinese princess smiled disdainfully.

"I don't think," murmured Mr. Nathaniel Moleskin hesitantly, "that I want her."

"I have another . . . " began the shopkeeper; and the Chinese princess frowned at his assumption that there was another like her. But Nathaniel shook his head and sadly left the shop, resolving never to think of her again.

Two days later he was standing in his customary place, looking at her.

"I will manage to buy you," he determined suddenly. "You will not be compelled to endure the gaze of anyone who happens to pass by."

"The gaze of the world is as two footprints I leave behind me," said the Chinese princess.

"You won't be so scornful when I have you!" cried her prospective owner, forgetting that he had fallen in love with her pride and her station.

"Gracious Lord will permit no indignity," she said coldly.

"No, indeed I will not!" cried Nathaniel, delighted with her deference. "I will lock you safely away in my apartment where no harm can come to you."

Four weeks later Mr. Nathaniel Moleskin entered the shop and triumphantly laid $250.00 on the palm of the shopkeeper. He watched the Chinese princess tenderly as she was bound round and round with yellow silk and placed in a small teakwood box. But before the cover was placed on it, her voice reached him, muffled, and strangely sad:

"Chinese princess makes one small request. Kindly place her outside of teakwood box on way home."

"Do not bother to pack the box," said Nathaniel, delighted at having a service to perform for her.

"But she is so fragile," protested the shopkeeper.

"Please," begged the muffled voice.

"I will be careful," boasted Nathaniel.

The shopkeeper reluctantly placed the teakwood box under one of Nathaniel's arms, and the Chinese princess under the other.

"Hold her tightly," he pleaded.

"As though I didn't know quite well how to care for her," thought Nathaniel as he walked down the street. But before he had gone the length of a whole block, he felt her slipping from under his arm.

"Wait a moment!" he cried in alarm, but down she fell to the ground, breaking into delicate pieces.

"Chinese princess would rather die than belong to you!" cried her clear, proud voice; and then all the broken bits of her lay still and white on the pavement.

LABOR COLLEGES TODAY

By CARL HOLLIDAY

MORE than thirty labor union colleges exist in the United States today, and several new ones are in the making. The evident determination of the American trade unions to obtain educational facilities for their members is one of the novel and outstanding features in present-day education in this country.

At the very outset it must be understood that these colleges are not maintained for the mere purpose of spreading propaganda or teaching some biased theory of economics or sociology. It is an admirable commentary on the broad-mindedness of American labor leaders that the directors of these workingmen's colleges, especially those in New England and the Atlantic States, have invited to their lecture platforms university professors well known for their firm opposition to many popular theories of labor unionism. Evidently the more intellectual union laborers of the United States are trying to get at the exact truth of both sides of public questions.

One object of these institutions, frankly admitted by the leaders, is the training of young union members for administrative positions, not only within union ranks, but in public affairs and governmental activities, municipal, state, and national. That the work is in many instances exceedingly well done cannot be doubted; enrolled in the faculties of several of these colleges are internationally known authorities in economics, political science, sociology, and business administration.

Especially thorough have been some of the lecture courses in such subjects in the labor colleges maintained in Boston, Washington, and New York. These institutions do not hesitate to request the services, as lecturers, of eminent professors in the most famous universities in their vicinity, and the courtesy which rough-handed audiences display toward speakers most bitterly opposed to particular union methods might well be taken as an example by the student-body of many an "orthodox" and highly conservative college.

The subjects in not a few schools founded by labor are by no means limited to the so-called "social sciences." Institutions in large cities like New York, Boston, Chicago, and Washington reveal a surprising variety in the curriculum: mathematics, English, the history of civilization, literature, history, bookkeeping, accounting, psychology, current events, as well as the naturally expected courses in industrial unionism, industrial progress, the history of unionism, and the coöperative movement.

In fact, in most of these colleges the demand for English composition and public speaking has led that of all the other subjects, while literature has frequently been a close rival of economics. One of the publicly expressed purposes of this unusual educational endeavor is that education and general culture shall filter down to the rank and file of workers and thus make their lives happier. But not for one moment do those in charge of the work attempt to blind the public to the fact that through such institutions they hope to bring about a gradual, constructive social revolution or evolution. Any fair-minded American will instantly agree that such an endeavor is within the rights of American citizens and is far safer than the old-time union tendency toward physical violence.

It has been found through the investigations of the Pennsylvania State Federation of Labor that the student-bodies consist of the mature workers and that the very young men show a tendency to stay out of such training until they have outgrown some of their radicalism. This is natural enough; a wise

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Frenchman long ago said, "Every young man who is not a radical is a rascal and every old man who is not a conservative is a fool."

Doubtless the most radical project in education thus far undertaken by American labor unionism is Katonah College, Katonah, New York. The experiment there being tried out may ultimately have a profound effect upon higher education in this country. The school is entirely coöperative, every professor as well as every student working a certain number of hours each day with his hands as well as with his brain. Every member of this unique institution, whether pupil or instructor, must take his "turn" in the kitchen, out in the garden, inside the workshop. It is intended exclusively for men and women who are to be union workers, but, avoiding propaganda, it strives simply to furnish labor with trained, liberally educated members.

The handwork expected of all students and professors has two purposes; it is good for the soul, and it cuts down expenses. In fact, probably no other college in the United States can compete with Katonah in cheapness of tuition and living. But what is of more importance to the educational world, here is a literal interpretation of the theory of Saint Benedict, Booker T. Washington, and other educational thinkers—that no educational course should consist only of brain work but should have in it a very large element of real muscular labor.

That the labor college movement has gained genuine momentum is evidenced by the fact that during the last three years it has received the hearty approval of national conventions of labor unions, and has caused the appointment by the American Federation of Labor, not only of a national committee or board on this type of higher education, but also of an officer somewhat similar to a commissioner of education to devote his entire time to increasing the number of such schools, expanding their curriculum, and enlarging their usefulness in general.

Tommy and I

When I go downtown
I always take Tommy with me.
Tommy's little hand
Is hot in mine
And his eyes are big
When he looks in the store windows.

We look at all the fancy ladies
And the debonair gentlemen
In the shop windows.
We like the brilliant colors
And the noisy fanfaronade
Of the State Street shops.

Tommy's not a real boy at all
But he always laughs
At the things we see—
And that makes me very happy;
And when he gets cold
He begins to cry
And I talk to him—out loud.

Then everyone on the street
Looks at me and laughs.
Perhaps I had better not take
Tommy with me any more.

RAYMOND KRESENSKY.

COMMUNICATIONS

PAX CHRISTI IN REGNO CHRISTI

London, England.

TO the Editor:—Some ten years since, a distracted world was cheered by the slogan, "safe for democracy." Some of us, in our idealistic simplicity, laid the flattering unction to our souls that the carnage of a war of unprecedented magnitude had operated a change in the human heart, and that the new slogan implied an universal determination that injustice should no longer prevail, that determination being, as we knew, the only means by which the world's safety could be assured.

Our illusion was short-lived; a sensual, greedy, materialistic, intolerant world lost little time in laughing our cherished slogan to scorn. Well can we imagine the echoes of the world's laughter reverberating through the caverns of the infernal regions. Perhaps the arch enemy of our race may himself have repeated: "Safe for democracy—the fools!"

It needs no divinely inspired prophet to warn us of the impending danger; it stares us in the face. Morally, politically, economically, and socially, as the decades pass, conditions are everywhere worse. The monstrous treaty of peace that terminated the late war planted abundantly the seeds of those to come.

Nations and classes more and more antagonistic, the ethics of authority a lost art—no longer does government exist that man may be protected in his rights; rather that he shall be deprived of them. Presumptuous and intolerant minorities assume the functions of authority so that their will shall be imposed on the community.

Well may our conscience chide us for the legacy we are leaving to the rising and following generations. Does that, however, mean that all is lost—that it is impossible to check the false policies hastening to destruction what is left of our much vaunted civilization? Were that so, well might we despair—but we know there is a remedy, and only one.

The question is, shall we hasten to avail of that remedy here and now, or shall we wait until the world is again plunged in anarchy, again drenched in our children's blood—when perhaps a remnant of humanity may at last realize that in the absolute acceptance of Christ's teaching not edited to suit human pride, but in all its fulness, as He confided it to His Church, can safety be attained?

Hardly had Pius XI been raised to the Papacy when he informed the world the purpose of his Pontificate would be to bring the peace of Christ to Christ's kingdom. Therefore, for those who owe allegiance to Peter's successor, the Holy Father's declaration of his intention is an invitation to cooperate.

Catholic solidarity demands, therefore, that Pius's spiritual children shall feel it incumbent upon them to render the contribution of their services in this new campaign, so that nothing may be wanting as far as Catholics are concerned toward his attaining under Divine Providence the precious goal he has set for himself.

The magnitude of the task demands that there shall be no slackers. Our Holy Father leads—we must not lag behind. Through the patriarchs, archbishops, bishops, and priests, we of the laity shall be informed of what is expected of us, so that the Holy Father's intention may be realized.

We, of course, know that Christ's peace depends, not indeed on armaments, but on the acceptance of His teaching and

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upon our giving practical effect to that teaching in our own hearts. We also know that His commandments bind the nations as the individual; finally, that the world can only have peace when there is sufficient influence in the world to demand and insist that injustice shall not be done.

To those to whom we Catholics refer, without the slightest intention of being offensive, as being outside the Faith, the Holy Father's declaration of his purpose will receive but scant attention. Rather, through an inherited mental attitude, what emanates from Rome must be regarded, if not with hostility, at least with indifference.

Since what the Holy Father, as head of the greatest moral power in the world, aims at is for the world's welfare, should those whom that welfare concerns as much as it does Catholics, hold aloof? Well may we exclaim how fearful has been the world's loss through Christianity having been rent asunder!

Had the Holy Father stated that the purpose of his Pontificate would be to make the world safe for our children and theirs, perhaps the world would have listened and acknowledged that that at least interested them. Well, only through Christ's peace can the safety of our children be secured. There is no time to lose.

The immediate help that can be given toward the purpose of Pius XI's Pontificate is by the universal formation of an educated opinion, based on Christian ethics, as to what shall be the relations between nations and classes. For Catholics this is not difficult of attainment, for they live under authority, so that what is strictly of faith and morals admits of no exception; for them there can be no discord. To our loss and danger, discord reigns supreme.—Tot homines quot sententiae.

EDWARD EYRE.

THE MIRACLE OF THE MULTITUDE

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—America's foremost educator, Nicholas Murray Butler, who talks always to the point, and often the point is a thrust, talked lately of his impressions made abroad, and while abroad. He observes a renaissance of religion, and in the foreground he sees the Catholic Church.

In contrast to his outlook is the viewpoint of Dean Inge, whose vision of "future Christianity" is through the smoked spectacles of his dark Protestantism. Now and always, the "Gloomy Dean" sees the Catholic Church as a spectre on the horizon, sinister and threatening. The Dean would not have needed spectacles had he pilgrimaged to the Eucharistic Congress. The multitude might have trod upon his toes. True, the crowd was courteous—but the crowd was great.

The vision of the stadium in Soldiers' Field was like a sight of the bleachers. There one saw the democracy of the Church. By the side of some richly clad dame from the "Gold Coast," sat a poor Mexican woman from South Chicago. And among the men, plug hats counted no more than last year's derbys.

What impressed Chicago and the world most was not prelates, but people. The recollection of the Eucharistic Congress shall not die out in a day. Who can forget the multitude? The people in their magnetic strength suggested the mighty strength of the Church. It looked as if the world had turned Catholic.

That the future of Christianity is assured is the lasting impression of the Congress. "The congregation of all the faithful" is the Church's definition of herself.

REV. PETER MORAN.

UNITY IN PROTESTANTISM

Corfu, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Editors, I take it, need no defense from their readers. However, the readers often want to say something and cannot because the editors control what is to be read in their papers. It is a happy policy, therefore, that The Commonweal opens its pages to those ardent souls whose one wish, betimes, is to rush into print.

I wish to defend the editor from the bold statement of the Reverend Latta Griswold in the issue of June 16. He writes: "You know, Sir, quite as well as I do, that the Protestantism of the Anglican churches differs in degree from that of the Christian bodies the word generally connotes." That is the very point. The editor, in common with other Catholics knows no such thing. Gratis asseritur, etc.! Catholics, Roman Catholics, if you will, do not know that there is any difference in degree or kind among the various Protestant bodies. When will well-intentioned but ill-informed non-Romanists try to appreciate the Catholic standpoint? Not until the proverbial crack of doom?

The principle animating Protestantism, in all its various phases and bodies, is one thing; the principle by which the Catholic and Roman Church energizes in the world is another. The varying colors of Protestantism, high, low, liberal or fundamentalist, all derive from one source and display a common working. The interests of truth are not furthered, nor is unity helped unless this is recognized.

REV. HENRY B. SHAW.

THE PROBLEM OF SLAVERY

Denton, Texas.

TO the Editor:—The Commonweal of June 9 contained an article, The Problem of Slavery, which ends thus: "The League should try to see that all laborers, whether white or colored, should be given the same civil rights—if it wants to materialize its ideal of 'changing servile labor into free labor over the world.'" Golden words! Will the League find work to be done in these United States, which boasts of its enlightenment, its democracy and good will to the entire world? Will it see to it that Negroes must be treated as human beings created after God's image and likeness? Will it see to it that laboring men receive sufficient wages for the decent support of their families? Will it see to it that heartless employers must remove their heels from the necks of their employees, and treat them as their Father in Heaven wants them treated? May the League, for years, work for the abolishment of slavery, which is so rampant in our country and in others. May the day of tyrants soon end.

RAYMOND VERNIMONT.

EXCELLENCE THE ONLY TEST

Seabright, N. J.

TO the Editor:—It is a great satisfaction to the readers of your weekly to read the letters of Mr. Sands disclaiming the unjust repetition by many, regarding the prejudice existing against Catholics. Some years ago The Catholic World published two articles, one written by Agnes Repplier, the other by Louise Guiney, refuting that time-worn statement. After reading the essays, one realized that excellence is the only test, not religion. "He who runs may read."

ALICE WARREN.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

The Geddes Project for the Divine Comedy

SOMETHING of the spirit which must have inspired the daring of the first Gothic tower seems to burn in Norman-Bel Geddes. There is no more original and courageous mind working in our theatre today, yet he is a man who can write with utter sincerity that "it is not the newness, but the eternalness of a thing that attracts me toward it." It is typical of the mystical quality of his genius that his greatest complete achievement to date was the cathedral setting for The Miracle, and that his greatest project, now well toward realization, is the dramatic presentation in majestic form of Dante's Divine Comedy.

Perhaps the best way to consider the project is to take first its objective aspects and later the relation between this outer form and the inner idea Mr. Geddes is seeking to express. The spectacle is planned for presentation in a large auditorium such as an armory, or the Madison Square Garden—although in climates such as California where the lighting and atmospheric conditions are fairly stable, it might be given in the open air. The stage—a minutely accurate scale model of which has already been constructed—is circular in form, rising in a series of broken terraces, flanked by four huge towers of irregular shape, and with a central descending pit. By carefully arranged lighting, whole sections of the stage may be blotted out or thrown into fantastic relief, so that a constantly moving variety of form and effect is obtained throughout the performance, replacing the need of ordinary scenery. During the action of the Inferno, the lighting comes from the pit. During the Purgatorio, it comes from behind, shooting heavenward like a display of the aurora; and during the Paradiso, the lighting takes on a greater and greater diffusion, beginning from above and spreading until finally, as Dante exclaims "O abundant Grace, by the Eternal Light, let my sight be consumed!" it is turned directly into the audience with blinding intensity.

Through this infinite variety of visual effect, from almost complete darkness, through the gamut of horror and confusion, to the sublimity of that final moment, Mr. Geddes has created a language for the eyes parallel at every instant to the thought of the poem itself. And the same is true of the sound. A large part of the under area of the stage is taken up by three vibrating chambers where sound waves can be multiplied and magnified to almost any intensity. From this chamber they are led through nine tubes, terminating in different parts of the auditorium, each tube controlled by shutters, so that the volume and source of sound reaching the audience can be varied with as great a precision as the lighting effects.

It is not Mr. Geddes's idea that the music accompanying the entire performance should be of the ordinary sort—of the earth earthy. "There must be," he says, "no blatant bursts of anything that resembles earthly music, for here is a drama of unearthly emotions. I do not want to hear a trumpet, a violin, a flute, a drum, as such. Something must be worked out so that we do not recognize an instrument but feel a vibration that reaches a din, that reaches a tone, exquisite and terrible, but, above all, not common. Surely in this music there must be a quality not of the outer earth."

But we must not think that Mr. Geddes has tried to substitute sense impressions entirely for the power of spoken words. The Dante text still remains the centre and glory of the production—selected, of course, with careful reference to the time permissible for a single performance. As in the dramatization of a novel, selection of the incidents to be portrayed is essential. But the three main characters of Dante, Virgil, and Beatrice have speaking parts adapted directly from the text and conveying as strictly as possible the essence of Dante's dramatic idea. As the characters all wear masks which, like the masks of old Greek tragedy, serve the double purpose of enhancing facial expression and forming a megaphone for speech, the voices will be clearly heard in every part of the auditorium.

In all, the production contemplates the use of about a thousand performers, so that it takes on the numerical proportions of a pageant. But in the direction and control of these performers, Mr. Geddes has already worked out the exact method by which their movements will be regulated. He has done this by arranging everything in the form of a musical score, with the action indicated for every fifteen seconds. Thus the director can see at a glance down the page just what words accompany what action, what movement of the chorus, what arrangement of sound, and of light. In this way, the essential unity of the piece is established in advance, with a minimum of guesswork and confusion left to rehearsal.

From this brief outline it will be evident that the Geddes project is no vague dream. A book has already been printed by Theatre Arts, Incorporated, giving many photographs of stage and lighting effects made directly from the large scale model. The model itself was recently exhibited at the International Exhibition of Theatre Arts. The minutest details of costume, lighting, and music have been worked out, and careful estimates made of the cost of construction of the stage—including a manner of making it portable, so that the production could be given in many cities, once the interest in a dramatization of Dante had been brought to a high pitch. I mention these facts because of the prevailing notion that projects of this sort are generally vague, indefinite in cost, and likely to drain heavily upon human resources in worry, indecisions, and heart-breaking experimentations. Mr. Geddes has combined the practical with the mystic in amazing fashion—again recalling that practical romance and stirring adventure which gave birth to the Gothic masterpieces of Europe.

It has been my pleasure and privilege to investigate carefully many of the details of the Geddes project, since I have felt for several years, in common with many others familiar with the idea and its present state of completion, that no other project remotely connected with the drama held so much of spiritual beauty and majesty, so much that merits the interest and coöperation of all to whom Dante is a symbol of the greatest of Christian centuries. The editors of this paper join me in expressing the hope that all those who would like to see this project achieve realization, as part of that ever-increasing interest in Dante and what he holds for the world of today, will write their ideas fully and send them to us as the first step in bringing a new power and beauty into American drama. The Geddes project should become a reality.

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BOOKS

Ruysbroeck the Admirable, by A. Wautier d'Aygalliers; translated by Fred Rothwell. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $5.00.

A STUDY of the life and work of the Blessed John Ruysbroeck by a professor of philosophy at the Faculté de Théologie protestante de Paris might at first seem to involve controversial opinions deleterious to the general value of the book. But though there are details to which one might reasonably take objection, M. d'Aygalliers has written so understandingly, studiously, and luminously that he seems to supplant all other scholars who have dealt with the same subject. His approach is the only practical modern one—a reverent and loving approach to an old master who should, indeed, be studied with all the care of modern science but who must remain great and helpful in aiding the present-day search for spiritual surety. Ruysbroeck is really the "Admirable Doctor" in this volume: his "soul, like the Sleeping Beauty, lies slumbering in documents; it is for the historian to wake it with a kiss."

What a background! General readers have caught glimpses of it in modern romancers of the macabre—the bloody dissolution of an old order in Flanders during the later middle-ages, when the arteries of feudalism had hardened, when an oppressed and fearful populace tried to root out with brute force the vices of those who should have been its leaders, and when many who felt most keenly the white loveliness of purity fled from the scene into cloistral security. As M. d'Aygalliers describes this background, however, we see projected into it many philosophical and religious movements which were to become extremely important because of their eventual development into Protestantism. The age had its illuminati, its "spiritual freedom," its holy rollers. In Flanders there was also a sharp conflict between more or less abiding racial differences, with the German tendency toward vague, pantheistic mysticism made evident. Indeed, the fourteenth century calls to mind much that is ultra-modern—Steiner and his bizarre theosophy, Von Keyserling and his "school of wisdom." And if one were to venture a single objection to M. d'Aygalliers's introductory historical portrait, it might well be that the part played by contrasted national temperaments is not sufficiently emphasized. Otherwise let us concede that the portrait is excellently judicious, lending perspective to what is colorful and worthy, but sensibly disabusing the poetic of the delusion that mediaevalism was something like a parade of pious burghers intent on whistling Christmas carols.

It was out of this unsettled time that Ruysbroeck grew to manhood, became a religious, and wrote the books which are, perhaps, the finest synthesis of mysticism. M. d'Aygalliers analyzes all the treatises in a fashion peculiarly his own, formulating conclusions about the order in which they were written, the influences which helped to shape them, and the purposes which Ruysbroeck hoped they would serve. We see—what it is so necessary that we should see—how our mystic did not stumble upon his doctrine as upon some perfected jewel, but groped toward it through pained consciousness of the errors which were circulating everywhere, and through personal conversion to a life of contemplation. It is more than anything else the escape from narrowness which makes Ruysbroeck great. "He is truly the last of the great speculatives of the middle-ages. But his mysticism is not an end in itself; it is a means of knowledge, in the same way as logic itself." And what did he really long to know? The answer is essentially, God; but necessarily Ruysbroeck, like all the other inquirers who have gone along the road of Plato, first of all scanned the world as an analogy. His praise of the universe is symphonic. "He traverses the world as if it were a sanctuary. He is never tired of describing the starry heavens, the leafy forests, the rippling streams, the minerals; he piles image upon image, unable to pour into the narrow mould of verbal expression his state of exuberant and wild enthusiasm." But though this quality of imagery makes his writing beautiful, he remains firmly a philosopher with a goal.

Though the process of beatification had already affirmed the loyalty of Ruysbroeck's thought to the doctrinal teaching of the Church, it is a pleasure to see with what care and impartiality the present volume elaborates the proof of this loyalty. "When we release Ruysbroeck's thought from its allegorical garb and translate it, so to speak, we cannot deny a strangely perceptible scholastic influence," says the author. "There is revealed a solid theological mould in the exposition and presentation of the various parts, in the choice of arguments and even of actual terms." Several decades ago Denifle proved the deep indebtedness of Meister Eckhart to the teaching of Saint Thomas. M. d'Aygalliers, after a painstaking examination of the associations of Ruysbroeck, arrives at the following interesting conclusion: "Few philosophies advanced so far in the study of the soul and its powers as did Scholasticism. In consequence, Ruysbroeck found ready prepared the elements for his mystical structure. Nothing could be more instructive than to set out in parallel columns the doctrine of the Summa of Thomas Aquinas and those chapters from The Spiritual Marriage, The Kingdom, and The Tabernacle that deal with the subject. The identity is carried to a point of verbal literalism." Those who are prone to separate the "mystic" from the "intellectual" ought to meditate this declaration—if only for the reason that it is rather important to remember that Aquinas is something more than a fountain-head of syllogisms to be recopied into neatly bound and printed textbooks.

The last two chapters of M. d'Aygalliers's volume, dealing as they do with Neo-Platonism and Ruysbroeck's place in the history of thought, are almost necessarily the least convincing. In the first place, the vast panorama required for them renders it difficult to avoid making general statements that are precariously near to assumptions. But there will be many to acclaim these words of the conclusion: "Whatever differences may seem to exist between Ruysbroeck's doctrine and our own mode of thought, the springs that nourished it and upon which we still draw are the same. For if we live humanly, we can no more dispense with the noble inspirations of Graeco-Latin antiquity than with the Gospel itself. Besides, in many respects this teaching presents such striking correspondences with modern thought that, behind the incomparable language of our mystic, it sometimes appears as though we were listening to the halting accents of our contemporary philosophy of the spirit." It is important there should be more who listen and understand. M. d'Aygalliers's excellent work should, because it is fine in spirit and scholarly in detail, help to widen the sphere of Ruysbroeck's influence more successfully than any book which has yet appeared.

A word is in order concerning the translation. As will have been apparent from the passage quoted, Mr. Rothwell has aimed at fidelity to the original text rather than at perfection

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of form. Expressions like "keeping track with" may—and do—occasionally disturb the reader's peace of mind, but on the whole the language is assimilable and should not repel anyone. The printers have done their part well, so that there is nothing but praise for the typographical aspects of the book.

PAUL CROWLEY.

Manito Masks: Dramatizations, with Music, of American Indian Spirit Legends, by Hartley Alexander; illustrated by Anders John Haugseth. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.50.

IF we are to take these short plays by Mr. Alexander as the accurate reflection of the American Indian concept of drama which he believes them to be, the line dividing the primitive from any highly imaginative vision of nature, human life, and divinity is thin indeed. In fact one is tempted to admit that much of the reasoning which the modern mind interposes between tangible reality and our feeling for divine impulse has thrown us back rather than forward—just as nothing, except the primal revelation of Christianity, has been able to advance the essentials of drama beyond the attainment of Greece. The processes and the language of feeling are often more accurate, more direct, and more forceful than any subtleties which the scepticism of weary civilization can invent; and these Indian legends, like the myths upon which the Greek dramas rest, are the outpouring of feeling alone. The art of Mr. Alexander consists in adapting modern words with great simplicity to the task of conveying feelings of natural religion as old as they are universal.

The special appropriateness of the term "masks" for these dramatizations—aside from the obvious analogy to the standard form of drama of that name—lies in the attitude of the Indian toward all important events. As Mr. Alexander explains it, "if there is one conviction to which Indian stories and rituals alike give testimony it is of the masklike character of sensible events; none show their full natures in their countenances; all are emblems, dimly decipherable, of a difficult wisdom which when won is a mystic possession rather than knowledge transmissible. If conveyed at all, it is in turn through an image that wisdom is shown; and thus, once again, the name of mask is justified."

Nor are we, in Mr. Alexander's interpretation, to consider the Indian symbol as a mere outward sign. Rather it is a disguise "within which a living agent moves." Thus the art of the Indian is not, as usually with us, simply an "outer reflection of life, but an integral cause." This concept extends quite naturally to music and prayer. In Indian music, the drum is the instrument of order or form, and the song itself the substance to which the drum gives form. The song approaches, for the Indian, the universal language through which he can speak to the unseen powers, including those within himself. And just as song is an agent, so is spectacle. It becomes more than representative drama. It achieves a power of its own. It is an effort to bridge the distance from the known to the unknowable. At all events, this is the great preoccupation of the themes underlying the nine dramas or masks in Mr. Alexander's book.

Another important point to remember in reading or presenting these masks is that they are not intended to be like Indian performances. They are an attempt to put in terms which we can understand the attitude of minds whom we do not understand—forms "which shall preserve the Indian attitude in its integrity, and yet interpret it to the white man's mind." The music has the same essential character—not a slavish copying of actual Indian music, but an imitation of it in suitable terms.

The first mask, How Death Came Into the World, tells of the debate between the great Life-Giver and his protagonist, Coyote, as to whether man should be immortal or know death. The second, His-Voice-Is-A-Whisper, tells of a conquering Indian chief, killed in battle, whose spirit returns to his village but cannot make its presence known. In Carved Woman, the sad singer by the power of his song brings to life for an instant the wood-carved image of his lost bride. The Scalp is a story of vicarious atonement, in which the wife of a slain and scalped warrior releases him from the limbo of disgrace where his spirit wanders, but is herself condemned to take his place. The Man Who Married the Thunder's Daughter is perhaps the most Greek of all in its feeling—in that it centers around the audacity of a man who would pass beyond the realms intended for his existence. The Weeper is a more direct folk-tale of the chieftain whose wife turned traitor to him. Earth-Trapped tells an eternal story of the Woman grown old whose mind has remained fixed in the hour of her first love, "the confinement of life to the moment of frustrated longing." In Living Solid Face, immortality is pictured as a transformation into unchanging stone. The last of the masks, called Butterfly Girl and Mirage Boy, is another of those recurring legends of the half-wit whose vision is perhaps so much less clouded than the more practical beings in the world about her. She sees and hears the beauties beyond the horizon of ordinary sense.

In all of these masks there is a singularly beautiful combination of simple and poetic lines with the drum rhythm and musical cadence. Only at times does the language seem to take on a complexity not quite in keeping with the theme or with the stark directness of the thought and image. As a source of comparative study between Greek and other forms of drama springing from primitive natural religion the masks should have a distinct value, quite apart from their inherent poetic beauty and dramatic intensity. A further comparison with the Miracle Plays having the added beauty of Christian certitude would also yield much fruitful inspiration.

R. DANA SKINNER.

Madame de Pompadour, by Marcelle Tinayre; translated by Ethel Colburn Mayne. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50.

WHEN a woman novelist stakes out her earlier course with such titles as L'Ombre de l'Amour, and L'Amour qui Pleure, one need not be surprised if she slightly anticipates her semi-centenary by putting forth such a title as La Vie Amoureuse de Madame de Pompadour. Thus Marcelle Tinayre, who presents her heroine chiefly, if not solely, "as woman loving and beloved." At the same time she deprives her hand of its highest card by making the point that Jeanne Antoinette Poisson was temperamentally cold and was artfully prepared for her notable position by relatives and friends rather than propelled into it by her own ardent nature. She was not essentially the "grande amoureuse"; and therefore other of her phases, such as her patronage of artists and scholars and her subsequent control of high politics, might have received a greater measure of attention.

Thus the present book—bright, brief, breezy, and eminently readable—often turns away from the big things to the little, and as it proceeds tends more and more to seek the lower

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level of court scandal. If none too much is said in these pages about Mme. de Pompadour's friendliness for Voltaire and the Encyclopaedists, little more is said of that later period when "the king's mistress could be ignorant of politics, but the king's friend could not," and when Louis XV, though left with the illusion of liberty, was really involved in an invisible net of his paramour's spinning. More stress, too, might have been laid on the fact that, by 1745, a succession of mistresses culled from the noblesse could be followed by one chosen from the disdained petite bourgeoisie. In truth, address and ability had now descended to the middle classes, as had already been intimated in the comedies of Marivaux, and as was presently to be exemplified, in a social stratum still lower, by Beaumarchais.

La Pompadour may not have come to the best of terms with the feminine circle that had furnished the duchesses and marquises who had preceded her, but her treatment of Queen Marie Leczinska seems to have been a miracle of adroitness and tact—and even of delicacy. Later, when her charms had lost most of their power over the king, and when she was reduced to acquiescence, if not to assistance, in the matter of younger and fresher rivals, she asserted herself, however disastrously, through statecraft: she prepared all the king's business, and "the Pompadour's fan," as the English versifier has it, nonchalantly gave out the great places or took them away. There can be no exaggeration in the portrayal of such influence and its exercise, but Mme. Tinayre is willing enough to sing a smaller note in regard to certain other matters of the day. She dissipates the dubious glamour which, for a century and a half, has surrounded the notorious Parc aux Cerfs, and she does so by simply visiting the place, which still exists, and describing it. It was a plain, simple sort of house and its inmates were always few—"never more than one or two at a time." Briefly, she unfilms it. She is also calmly explicit about the attempt on the life of Louis XV by Damiens. In whatever special torments that poor madman may have expired, and however vociferously and incessantly the king may have declared that he had been "assassinated," the wound was but a scratch and in three days he was back at his work on state affairs. Back too, perhaps, at his fancy-work, as lately portrayed on the screen.

As a matter of fact, the whole period, corrupt and abominable as it was, begins to lose some of its sharp edges and much of its gaudy color, as it retires into the limbo of mere history. The poet, the novelist, the painter, the scenario-maker all combine to wrap it in a haze, if not a glamour, and we stand in danger of forgetting, or of minimizing, the sins of a day that were so soon and so completely to be paid for. Certainly Marcelle Tinayre, intent upon what her very capable translator calls "a study in temperament," concerns herself but slightly with abuses, extravagances, and injustices. Psychology and the pictorial suffice. Hence one Frenchwoman writing about another with much grace and verve, and an Englishwoman translating her text with much dexterity and relish. Those who maintain that the immodest "show" and the unedifying "picture" would languish but for the support of women might possibly find some support for their views in this collaboration. For the rest, the author conducts her work with a due Latin regard for crescendo, climax, and the inevitable diminuendo; and the zest with which she depicts her heroine is fully equaled by that with which she sketches in the lover-king—a more difficult and, one might add, perhaps a more rewarding theme.

HENRY B. FULLER.

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Geniuses and Disaster, by Jeanette Marks. New York: The Adelphi Company. $3.00.

THE connection of geniuses with disaster, especially in literature, seems as ancient as the pyramids. Drugs and drink, dissipations and suicides are written across the map of the entire world in opium, hashish, and heroin, morphine, laudanum, and all too many "patent medicines." Miss Marks has kept a drug clipping book and her present work is the result of her industry and devotion to humanitarian studies.

She would have found a very fruitful topic in the use of these drugs and many other mysterious compounds if she had studied the people of South America and the tropics, where no real roué is said to be complete without his "outfit," and a mere drinking bout is cynically left "on the side of the angels." The suicides among literary men in the South, due more or less directly to the abuse of drugs, include the great poets, Julio Herrera Reissig and José Asunción Silva, equals in many regards of our own Coleridge and Edgar Allan Poe.

"Peyote," Miss Marks tells us, "has been identified with the Aztec narcotic called sacred mushroom and with the 'devil's root' of ancient Mexico. Children [she does not concern herself with so many of our modern "mystics" as she well might do] invent intoxication in their games, such as whirling until they are dizzy. Crowds, mobs, loud noises, music, sculpture, the theatre, politics, cold baths, all produce exhilaration, all break down the inhibitions and give the illusions or the reality of a larger life."

Miss Marks's list of tragedies is a full one in English letters: De Quincey, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Edgar Allan Poe, Rossetti, James Thomson, Mrs. Browning, Swinburne, James Clarence Mangan, Ernest Dowson, Lionel Johnson, are the subjects of her expert analysis. She shows how practically all of these geniuses began their addictions through illnesses and the suspicious remedies, the physical cure-alls and makeshifts of inexperience. One can hardly believe that very many men can face the drug disaster with the satanic obsessions of the neighborhoods of our sanatoriums. A perusal of Miss Marks's book will certainly benefit some of the young men and women who still persist in the purlieus of our great cities, the victims of ill-health and dissolute habits—the pallid, palpitating prey of the wolfish vendors and purveyors of these rhapsodic deliriums and degrading swinish catastrophes.

THOMAS WALSH.

The United States as a Neighbor, from a Canadian Point of View, by Sir Robert Falconer. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.00.

IN this volume which asks us to see ourselves as the Canadians see us, and as we should see them, the president of the University of Toronto has done Americans on both sides of the political dividing line a service. The eight chapters represent lectures the author delivered in 1925 (Sir George Watson Foundation for American History, Literature, and Institutions) "to promote good relations between the two great branches of the English-speaking world"; their value lies in the logic and clarity with which is shown the folly of inherited dislikes and prejudices on the part of two American populations closely akin in character, and whose divergent political allegiance is less important than their economic interdependence and natural racial sympathy.

In The Common Elements of Population the author establishes the ground for a mutual understanding between the United States and Canada on a racial basis. Determining the Boundaries, and Fisheries Disputes deal with boundary, seal and fisheries difficulties, discussed in a spirit of notable fairness; while Reactions on Canadian Nationalism treats of political rather than economic differences between the two nations from 1774, when the British government passed the Quebec Act, establishing the Roman Catholic Church, the French Civil Law, and the French language upon the continent, to the present day. Here, as in the chapters on Trade and Commerce, The World of the Average Man (in which the author pays tribute to the fine character of the French habitant, "a Catholic Puritan . . . with an ethical temper characterized by restraint and based upon religious conviction") and The World of Higher Education, his lack of any narrower partisan bias is evident.

In his concluding chapter, Canada as an Interpreter, we have a reasoned but not ineloquent plea for a continuance of the friendship existing between the two lands, one dictated by sentiment as well as common sense; and Canada is put forward as the natural "interpreter" between Britain and the United States. An index and an excellent map complete a book which, within a relatively small compass, gives a concise account of the past and present relations between the two countries.

FREDERICK H. MARTENS.

Married Life, by Edith O'Shaughnessy, New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.00

READERS who are already familiar with Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's work will need no urging from a reviewer to induce them to get this volume of half a dozen stories that deal with various features or phases of the adventure of marriage. Many of the qualities one felt in reading Viennese Medley are here—the delicate sureness of touch, the surprising, sometimes almost whimsical, mingling of pathos and irony, and the quick, deft grasp of motive.

To the present reviewer the first story, Mr. Crane's Last Wife, is easily the most powerful in the collection. Its unveiling of the soul—the word sounds sarcastic—of Roxie Stokeham, is almost cruel in its cold truthfulness, and the effect is heightened by the foil provided in the characters of the vague, inarticulate mother and the pitiful, weak, little entity that is Hawley Crane himself. The other long story of the series, Souls in Intaglio, is a notable study in subjective mysticism that will probably make a strong appeal to many readers who are tired of some of the forms of contemporary realism. However, the young mystic who is called out of the cloister and back again seems a trifle unconvincing, and one doubts if the good Jesuit fathers, generally very practical-minded, would have found a place in the ranks of their spiritual army for this rather un-Ignatian neophyte; anyhow, he would find the Jesuit novitiate very irksome.

There is excellent light relief in the charming Micawber-like Mr. James Martin, in You Never Can Tell. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's humor is interwoven with a quiet, smiling irony that is supremely delightful. She is never really bitter and she never loses that sense of humor which Saint Augustine seems to have regarded as essential to salvation.

GEORGE D. MEADOWS.

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

"Who," demanded Dr. Angelicus, looking up at the strange apparition in the doorway, "who may you be?"

"Oh, Doctor," exclaimed the apparition, sadly, as she dropped a suitcase in the corner, and rushed toward Angelicus, "have you forgotten me so quickly?"

"There is something familiar about your face," apologized the Doctor, "but the name has entirely escaped me."

"This is too much," sobbed the intruder, dropping into a chair. "Can it be that you have forgotten your fellow-worker?"

The Doctor glanced closely at the bent figure, and then rushed forward and clasped both her hands.

"As I live," he exclaimed, "it is Miss Brynmarian, who left us some weeks since for the Wild West, and Wyoming. My, my, child, how you have changed!"

Miss Brynmarian looked apologetically through the long locks of hair that hung around her face and shoulders in true Buffalo Bill fashion. She doffed her cowboy hat and spread out the wrinkles in her buckskin skirt.

"It's my bob," she explained. "The cowboys were the only barbers in Wyoming, and as there was a scarcity of saucers in the pantry at the ranch, I just had to let it go. As for these clothes—somehow they seemed very chic in Cody, but I find they feel extremely strange on Fifth Avenue."

"My poor child, I cannot imagine what wild excursion of fancy took you off to that uncivilized country in the first place. With London and Paris to choose between, you selected Wyoming! It was then that I realized that you had, indeed, been working under strain, and that fatigue had somewhat impaired your sanity."

"Not at all," flashed Miss Brynmarian, "you simply don't understand the call of the West. Just because you prefer the luxuries of civilization; hot baths, caviar, and jazz, is no proof that the souls of others may not cherish a longing to get back to the untrammeled life."

"The untrammeled may be all very well, in its way," said Dr. Angelicus, "but unfortunately it seems to be hopelessly allied to the uninformed. For how can one be 'au courant' with all that is happening in the world, when one shuts oneself off in the mountains, miles away from a city?"

"But they manage to keep in touch with the news out there," objected Miss Brynmarian.

The Doctor looked his doubt.

"What do you think of the strike?" he inquired carelessly.

"What strike?" asked Miss Brynmarian. "I thought the English settled that months ago."

The Doctor looked at her pityingly. "It's even worse than I thought," he murmured. "No newspapers out there?"

"Certainly," maintained Miss Brynmarian. "Every morning while I was away, I religiously read my Meeteetse News."

"Your what?" exclaimed the Doctor.

"My Meeteetse News," repeated Miss Brynmarian. And with that she pulled a newspaper from her pocket. "Here is a copy I brought back to you; for it is my opinion, Doctor, that the journalism of the East has much to learn from that of the West. Our editors are much too complacent in their opinion that they are the real journalistic leaders of the country. They are, in fact, the isolated ones—and their editorials are as cramped and narrow as are the crowded cities in which they live. They should open their eyes to the great papers

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of the West and let some of the breezy mountain air sweep across their clouded vision."

The Doctor squirmed under her pointed gaze.

"Yes," she went on, "just read aloud some extracts from the Meeteetse News, and admit that our own papers could learn much from it."

Dr. Angelicus took the sheet gingerly, and began:

"'The Meeteetse News. Meeteetse, Wyoming, June 30, 1926.—Keep Sweet.'"

The Doctor looked up inquiringly.

"That," explained Miss Brynmarian, "is the motto of the journal. And very appropriate I call it."

"No doubt," replied Angelicus, "only the editor missed a trick. He should have written: 'Keep sweetse, in Meeteetse.' However, let us read on. Ah, here is an article on Harrison's Cowboy Orchestra. It says:

"'When Harrison's Cowboy Orchestra of Cody occupied the orchestra niche in Meeteetse's Overland Hotel on Friday last, to tune for impetuous feet, the members were arrayed in cowboy toggery. Previous to this appearance, this bunch of cunning instrumentalists was arrayed in suits of conventional black and hard-boiled shirts of sparkling white. Under the collars pointing toward the coats' portside and starboard lapels were dainty, primp, black bow ties.

"'Hereafter, the scenic effect is to be entirely different. Wherever it may roam over land or sea and foam, this organization of note-tossers will make spontaneously known by its costumes that its headquarters is in the realm of the cowboy at Cody, the home of the late notorious Indian fighter and showman, Buffalo Bill. The feet and ankles of the melody artists will be imbedded in neat and snugly fitting Bleucher boots. Into these will be tucked the pantaloon legs of close-fitting white trousers. Sparkling multi-colored silk shirts are worn beneath black leather vests fringed and braided in white. On the back of the vests, Buffalo Bill's picture worked in leather is tacked. Around the neck, flapping in the breeze like Old Glory in the dark blue sky, will be cowboy scarves of gaudy hue. Broad-brimmed and deep-crowned headgear will perch upon the fervent brows.

"'Although so striking as is this haberdashery, the personality of the wearers is far more abiding, exceeded only by the souls from which comes the vital spark that produces tones superlatively sublime.'"

"Now," exclaimed Miss Brynmarian, "what eastern paper could produce a description like that? Or, for that matter, what eastern town could produce an orchestra like that?"

"Our eastern police are very efficient," commented Angelicus, enigmatically.

—THE LIBRARIAN.

CONTRIBUTORS

MONSIGNOR IGNAZ SEIPEL, former chancellor of the Austrian republic, is one of the most prominent statesmen in Central Europe.

JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., Ph.D., writer and lecturer, is the author of The Thirteenth, the Greatest of Centuries, and other books.

JOHN HANLON, one of the Canadian poets, is a contributor of verse to contemporary magazines.

MARIE GALLAGHER is a new contributor to The Commonweal.

CARL HOLLIDAY, B.S., M.A., Ph.D., is dean of American literature at the University of Toledo; the author of many books on literary and historical subjects, and a contributor to English, French, and American publications. His books include: The Wit and Humor of Colonial Days, A History of Southern Literature, English Fiction From the Fifth to the Twentieth Century, and Old 'Prof.' Dickens and Other Poems.

RAYMOND KRESENSKY is a Chicago poet whose verse appears frequently in current publications.

PAUL CROWLEY contributes literary criticism to American magazines.

HENRY B. FULLER is the author of The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani, The Cliff-Dwellers, and Bertram Cope's Year.

FREDERICK H. MARTENS is a musical and literary critic and the author of 1001 Nights of Opera.

GEORGE D. MEADOWS is an English writer of literary criticism.

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